SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A FAMILY NEWSPAPER—NEUTRAL IN POLITICS—DEVOTED TO NEWS, LITERATURE, SCIENCE, MORALITY, AGRICULTURE, AND AMUSEMENT.

VOLUME XIX. | PUBLISHED BY M'SOLLE & GRAHAM, No. 26 Carter's Alley, Below Third street, Opposite the Girard Bank. | PHILADELPHIA, DECEMBER 28, 1839. | TERMS: $3 PER ANNUM. $2 IF PAID IN ADVANCE. $1 25 IN ADVANCE FOR 6 MONTHS. | WHOLE No. 961.

From the London Forget Me Not, for 1840.

The Benefactress.

[illegible]

HOW TO GET ON.

[illegible]

From the Dublin University Magazine.

Cheerfulness.

[illegible]

Honor and feeling were given to cherish—
Cherish them, then, though all else should decay;
Landmarks by these that are never to perish,
Stars that will shine on the duskiest day.

Courage! disaster and peril once over,
Freshen the spirits as showers the grove;
O'er the dim graves that the cypresses cover,
Soon the Forget-me-not rises in love.
Courage, then friends! Though the universe crumble,
Innocence, dauntless of danger beneath,
Patient and trustful, and joyous and humble,
Smiles through ruin or darkness and death!

From the London Keepsake, for 1840.

LADY VIOLA:
OR, THREE SCENES IN A LIFE.

BY MISS CAMILLA TOULMIN.

It were all one
That I should love a bright particular star,
And think to wed it.

Shakspeare.

Selmer Abbey is an old pile of building, so old that its chronology remains unfixed to this day, and has been a point of dispute among the curious for ages past. The owner, however, traces back his right noble descent to a certain Sir Robert Shalton, who flourished in the time of the lion-hearted Plantagenet, and the first record of the abbey is, as his baronial residence. Whether he bought or built it, received it from a munificent monarch, or won it by the strength of his good right arm, none can know. The fact is as likely as any, for there is a rudely sculptured figure of the knight over his tomb in the chapel, [illegible]

"You will be better, Lady Viola; let me open the window; the cool breath of heaven will restore you; dear Lady Viola, be seated."

There was a pause: at length she spoke.

"You leave Selmer to-morrow, I understand; is it not so?"

"It is my destiny," he replied, in a tone of bitterness.

"Nay, your will has shaped it, then."

"Say, rather, honor and despair."

Lady Viola murmured some reply, but her words were scarcely articulated.

"Tell me, Lady Viola, said Earnest," after a short silence, "have you never thought me mad?"

"Mad?"

"Yes. Is there no madman but the raving lunatic? What think you is the dream of ambition, fierce hatred, envy, any human passion that masters the reason, if not madness?"

"Are you the prey to one of these? Never. I believe it not."

"I thank you, from my soul I thank you, for those words. Not one of these, and yet as strong a master. Let me trust, however, that a life henceforth dedicated to the fulfilment of my sacred duties may expiate the guilt, if there be guilt, of the wildest dream a madman ever cherished."

He covered his face with his hands, and a large bead-like tear trickled through his fingers. They talk of *woman's* tears! I know not certainly what effect they may produce on *men*, but I think, after all, they are the most false or shallow tests of feeling. But one tear down a manly cheek, and that tear shed for *her*, oh! to a woman's heart, earth has no sight so touching or so thrilling.

Again were they silent for a few minutes.—Clifford rose. "Farewell, Lady Viola!" said he, "farewell!" and taking her hand, he raised it respectfully to his lips.

And were they thus to part? Not so. Like the legend of the spring, which was to rush forth a mighty torrent when the stone that covered it [illegible]

months ago she declined the honor of my alliance. Though repulsed, I had the boldness after a little while, again to renew my addresses. I implored her to give me hope, that in the course of months, or years, even she could love me. She heard me patiently.

"'I will marry you my lord,' she replied, 'provided, after what I am going to mention, you still desire it. I love another.'

[illegible]

too. She discovered, what millions had learned before, that the heart which has known love finds friendship but a dull substitute. Oh! the mystery of that master passion! which has overthrown empires, and the more glorious structure—the human mind; which can make the haughty gentle, and the dull eloquent.

It is not what is called *first love* that is always so enduring. The heart is often like a plant, [illegible]

the hot tears fill fast and thick upon the hand he held; "Oh! he will love it!" he exclaimed; "surely by this moment he doth!"

A smile played for an instant on his wan features. "Send for my wife and my son," he replied.

In a few minutes they entered. Viola had been weeping bitterly. She passed her arm round her husband's neck, and his head was pillowed on her bosom. It was no season to find any tremor at the presence of Everett.

"Dearest," said Lord Lansberry, "he will be your friend. He will have much to tell you by and by." And for a moment he placed her hand in that of Clifford. "My boy—our sweet child, he will guide and watch over." And as he spoke his hand the healthy cheek of the little innocent, who had nestled so closely beside him, that its auburn ringlets almost mingled with his own dark hair.

He was evidently exhausted from the excitement he had undergone. Earnest, unsuitable, had fallen on his knees, and was breathing a fervid prayer.

"You are right," murmured the sufferer, "Clifford, there were the last thoughts he ever. You la, join with him."

With closed eyes he sunk back for some minutes, and then, in a low voice, uttered the request to the beautiful service our church has provided. The whispered accents became still lower —the voice faltered—was silent—Viola felt the hand relax its grasp—and dent was all that remained of the high-souled Lansberry!

* * * *

Toward the close of the following year Viola had again become a wife. And are they happy? Like the buried cities which lay for centuries at the foot of Vesuvius, so, may the glow of early feeling, and the truth of early love, be concealed from the ashes which circumstances, or suffering has, for a few years, cast over them!

Saturday Morning Post.

EDITED BY

G. R. GRAHAM & J. S. DU SOLLE.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1829.

☞ The Penn. under its present editors and proprietors shall be premised first for the present week. I state not certain one paragraph, with the spirit of which a farmer would not wish to have his daughter familiar. It must have come at the bank to the detriment of the farmers entered for the growth of a various thought.—With this notice, it will ever be found, and moderately. Copyright to Theatres, as things calculated to inform the healthy actions of an honest mind—as creatures of relation to an overwhelming in tendency, and fearfully pernicious, in fact.

The President's Message.

In another column will be found this valuable document, which, by dint of indefatigable labor, we succeeded in getting for home after the usual arrival in this city. The mail furnished us with the pamphlet on the afternoon of Christmas Day, (a most unsuspicious time, no, but for our assistance, our staff would have been almost seeking for an enactment,) and the next morning we had it for sale at our desk. We had half a mind to send it to our city subscribers on Thursday morning, but we concluded the message was a pretty stile affair, and preferred waiting until to-day, in order to get it *fresher* news than we could in such a case have been able to supply.

The Hostages.

Here is stern Old Winter upon us, bleak eyed, and hoary with his march, covering all, above and around with his snowy mantle, and pushing his sharp features into the very bosom of Nature. Many blushes at his impudence, and the hurtfulness, as if to avoid his inquisitive glance, hinden the closer, with their nuts and "goodies," or put their noses into the coals, to escape the cold icy touch. Let him but catch them out, and how he pays them up, for their incivility. How he ruffles the ladies' robes, and tosses their plumes as the cavaliers' locks in mockery!

First pinches them by the nose, and then whistles the youngster by the ear. He is a merry old blade, and right fond of sport and frolic, and delights in the jingle of the merry sleigh bell, and swings along on the blast, whistling as he goes, with the gay, the beautiful and young. He is the boy to be jolly! What cares he, for the price of steaks, for broken backs, and nose shaving; his home is on the wind, and he carols along at hythe and gay over the barrel of the wreck, where the forsaken sigh and pine, as over the festal hall, where bright eyes glisten, and the heart delighted, beats high with hope and happiness. What knows he of care—he goes singing along on the night wind, with his fur robes around him, as gay and happy as if the world was his own. He is no gloomy monarch, solitary and sad, moaning amid desolation. He delights in the holidays, when he can take a skip with St. Nicholas from housetop to housetop, leaving favors for the youngsters in the knitted yarn, which has been knitted to the ordinary back, by the fair fingers of the maid's particular good will. How the old chap chuckles as the Saint distributes his favors and glides from roof to roof, with his pack, while the youngsters are dreaming of a world of sugar-plums and candy. He is the first ten, in the morning to jump up, and say a fair distribution. We hope that our friends have not been visited as yet, either by the old gentleman, and that their kindly sympathies remain not only unbroken, but untouched by his icy finger. We have been so unusually good natured for a week or two past, as to have cognizance of the promptitude of our friends in remitting, that we enjoyed our wine and turkey, with much composure and self satisfaction, on Christmas morning, and are now ready with a true episcopal spirit, to the coming New Year's Day, when we shall again lay aside our rigid habits of self denial, and with the hope that our readers have already enjoyed a merry Christmas, we shall wish them, in a glass of our best wine, a HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Our Tea-Dog's Paper.

Our paper of *today*, contains *more matter* (the Message being in very small type,) of an interesting and entertaining nature, than any of our weekly contemporaries. Why, what a paper! exclaim! We have more Foreign News—more General News—more City News—News for the Farmer—Financial News—Political News—more, and better Tales and Poetry—the first rate "Pilgrim" Sketch, and no excellent. "Bar" Sketch, by—more a "Lodge" and "Journals" Department, of many attractions.

We have now in our drawer, thirty ten recommendatory notices of our handsome sheet, from Newspapers throughout the Union, which we decline inserting, simply because they are entirely too flattering.

"Times! we could not help boasting for once, and hope our readers will excuse this deviation from our common rule.

The Germantown Telegraph.

This truly valuable paper, is, we perceive, to be enlarged and improved on the first of January, and we can say for the editor that he well deserves success. His paper is conducted with much ability and with a geniality of tone, which secures for the editor a wide circle of personal friends, as well as the liberal patronage of the public. The Telegraph has a large circulation in Philadelphia, Montgomery and Chester counties, and the counties adjoining, and has become, in fact, the text-book, for farmers, for miles around.

It is gratifying to see a contemporary who conducts a paper in a gentlemanly way succeed. It proves that human nature, and all its foibles, clings to the right, and that cunning money pretenders rest merit is sure of patronage. We can only add that we hope to see the Telegraph, with a lot three times as large as our own, which is as much as he can expect from it, and if he gets all his dues from that number of subscribers, it will be more than he can reasonably claim. What do you think of that, Mr. Telegraph?

Tuesday-Sixth Congress—Third Session.

The question on the New Jersey members was set at rest by the introduction on the 30th inst. of the following resolution, by Mr. Evans of Maine:

Resolved, That the Speaker now proceed to swear the members from New Jersey who produce the legal certificate, or commission, according to the law of New Jersey.

The yeas and nays being finally taken, it was lost, there being 112 yeas to 116 nays.

The House then proceeded to organize, by choosing a Clerk and Sergeant-at-Arms. Mr. Garland has been re-elected. The vote stood thus:

Mr. Garland,	118
Mathew St. Clair Clarke,	105
R. C. Mason,	8

Mr. Dorsey was then re-elected Sergeant-at-Arms, receiving 141 votes, and Dr. Jones 76.

Congress Electing.—On Monday last, 22d Dec. the election for doorkeeper of the House took place, Jesse D. Elliott—the successful competitor, Jos. Fullerton—whig—130, John Houston 13, of course Mr. Fullerton was elected. Mr. J. McCormick was unanimously re-elected Postmaster. John W. Hunter unanimously re-elected Assistant doorkeeper. The election of printer next came up and led to much discussion. The House came to no conclusion before it adjourned.

On Tuesday, the election for printer was decided to be the election of a printer.

On this matter, an animated debate was kept up. At length Mr. Dawson offered the following resolution:

"Resolved, further, That a select committee be appointed to inquire whether the public printing of this House cannot be better and cheaper done by contract than by the existing mode."

The House adjourned until Friday, December 27, before the discussion on this resolution was ended.

Dr. Dyott Again.—We learn that the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania on Thursday decided that the reasons assigned by the District Court for his release, were insufficient, and that consequently he must abide the sentence of the Criminal Court.

Antiquities in London.—A few weeks since the workmen engaged in deepening Thames street, discovered at the distance of ten feet below the surface, in the middle of the street, the perfect remains of an old Roman wall running parallel with the line of the river. The wall was formed of alternate layers of flint, chalk, and flat tiles, and offered considerable obstructions to the workmen, from the firmness with which the materials were put together.

About the middle of Queen street, at a depth of nineteen feet below the surface, were found the remains of an elegant mosaic pavement. In Moorfields were found many rich and rare coins in a good state of preservation; and in another place, remains indicating that it was once used as a place of burial.

Mercantile Library Company.

The Lecture before the Mercantile Library Company, on Thursday evening last, was delivered by the Hon. Judge Conrad. It was a matter-piece of mingled reason and declamation, and was listened to, in breathless attention, by the large audience, which the fame of the lecturer attracted. The subject was "*The policy of the early settlers of this country in the aborigines.*"

"There is nothing," said the lecturer, "more elevated than a well founded national pride—there is nothing more abject than a national vanity. In Europe, a German, a Frenchman, a Russian, a nation, are too rich in just glory, to borrow the flickering glare of fable. The truth can detract nothing from a national history, whose career has been sunshine; and his patriotism must be sickly indeed, who can regard a country like ours with less of pride, because, though most of the nations of old, claim to derive their origin from gods, history proves that we have sprung from more mortals."

The lecturer spoke with much indignation of the infamous policy pursued by the early settlers of Virginia in relation to the Indians of that colonies, and the history of Logan told with thrilling and painful eloquence. Every one, said the lecturer, has heard of Logan, the mingo chief. A nobler Indian, a braver warrior, a better man perhaps never lived. During the French war, Logan refused to take part, and was active only in deeds of mercy. During the war of the revolution, the heroes of the contest. In 1774, some white land-jobbers determined that blood should be spilled. Led by a monster named Col. Cresap, they fell upon a family of two men, three women and children, were betrayed and destroyed. Colonel Cresap secreted a band of whites in the vicinity of a body of Indians, and invited the latter to a feast—the usual entertainment of rum and drink with them. Those who did so were murdered, and as their companions, who heard the firing, crossed the river, they were deliberately fired upon and killed. Among the murdered was a brother of Logan, and his sister, whose delicate situation greatly aggravated the horrid crime—

——And what man, knowing this,
Had not turned round, and with one blade,
And hung his head, to think himself a man?

By these repeated outrages, Logan was finally roused to retaliation and vengeance. The battle-cry of Logan, "Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan? Not one?"

The pen was concluded—and what became of Logan? The heart-broken chief wandered from his scenes of sorrow to the west, where, to complete the tragedy, he was murdered by a white man.

The Lecturer, dwelt upon the different policy of the New Englanders, and spoke with a tumultuous eloquence of the virtues of those calling themselves christians, in those times.

The eulogium was reserved for the society of Friends, and well will was it merited. He spoke of the faith, and practical dealings of Penn toward the Indians, and descanted in most glowing terms, upon the whole course of the policy of the Friends toward the red man, and concluded with reviewing the recent acts of the Pennsylvania government and people, toward the Indians. He spoke with the indignation, which every American must feel of the inhuman proposition to imprison the Seneca Indians from Cuba, to hunt the valorous Seminole from his fastnesses, and concluded with a fine most touching passages of the probable extinction, and the whole tree of Penn, and Logan, and of a few years there would be none to weep for Logan—its, not one.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Six days later from England—Return of Daniel O'Webster—Many Mad Dogs still unmuzzled—Price of Cotton and Corn receding—Afghanistan completely reduced—Persia submits to Baghdad —Great excitement in China against the Roy. of Barbarous, the Queen of England, &c. &c.

By the arrival of the South America, Captain Bailey, we have papers to the 22d from Liverpool, 21st from London, and 19th from Paris; being six days later than the intelligence by the Liverpool steamer. The Mediator, with Daniel Webster and family, from London, has also arrived. The news reached us last night at 9 o'clock, the South America having been boarded twenty miles outside Sandy Hook yesterday afternoon, by one of our fleet—the Water Witch, Capt. Dickinson in charge.

The character of the news, in a commercial point of view, is somewhat better—though not much. Very little is said in the English papers on the subject of the U. S. Bank. Cotton has fallen ½ a penny, and corn has also fallen a little—merely a tuppence, however, which is coin as no great affair. The money market is still easy, but the bullion in the Bank of England is increasing slowly—the average increase little, but the exact increase probably £500,000, or more. On the whole, the news may be considered from the best to unfavorable.

The principal political news is the complete reduction of Afghanistan by British arms, and the submission of Persia—also, the new treaty of Emperor of China, against the beautiful and barbarian Queen of an obscure island called England. Annexed are all the particulars.

The Hon. Daniel Webster, of the United States Senate, family, and suite, as also Samuel Appleton, Esq. and lady, with a select party, returned to New York in the packet ship Mediator, off the Hook last night.

Marriage of the Queen.—The Queen has officially announced to the Privy Council together, and has obtained their consent to marry Prince Albert in April. The *France* of Wednesday, Nov. 22, asserts that the British Cabinet has officially communicated to the French Cabinet the intended marriage of Queen Victoria with a Prince of Coburg.

England and Russia.—The general opinion in England is, that from the immense armaments preparing in Russia, that country will be involved in a serious war early next year. Russia has marched 12,000 troops into the north part of Persia to oppose the English power there.

Duranger Queen Adelaide is running all over England, slandering and abusing Queen Victoria.

Duke of Wellington Sick.—On the 16th of Nov. the Duke was taken speechless, and was supposed to be dying. He was a little better next day, but is not expected to live long.

Mr. Sims, director in the Bank of England, and chairman of the Great Western Railway company, blew his brains out.

Two men are now employed to mount guard by turns, at the top of the monument, London, for the prevention of suicide.

The agitation about the corn laws is increasing with frightful rapidity, all over England.

The chartists are still very violent, and declare the government is daily losing ground.

The Newport riots are over. No executions yet, but hundreds of arrests.

The Duke of Sussex is to be executor to the Duke of York's effects. His creditors are not yet paid.

There are 500 steam vessels in England at the time.

Proposition to cross the Atlantic in a Balloon.—Mr. Charles Green, the well known aeronaut, has been for some time making calculations for the construction of a balloon on a new principle, for the purpose of crossing the Atlantic, from New York to England. The machine is to be of gigantic dimensions, and its enterprising projector asserts that it could be as safely effected as the journey from London to Nassau in the great balloon, the summer before last. Mr. Green has, we hear, had it under contemplation for a balloon in Paris by a specified time, he would have proceeded on to Turkey, for which he was in the direct line. When the machine came to the earth there was still gas enough in it, when the ballast was discharged, to have performed an unlimited voyage.

BANK OF ENGLAND.

Quarterly average of the weekly liabilities and assets of the Bank of England, from the 20th of August to the 12th Nov. 1829, both inclusive, published pursuant to the act 3 and 4 W. IV. chap. 98.

Liabilities.	*Assets.*
Circulation, £17,235,000	Securities, £13,573,000
Deposits, 6,132,000	Bullion, 9,745,000
£23,367,000	£23,418,000

Downing st. Nov. 12, 1829

The amount of bullion has but slightly increased; the excess, as compared with last month, being only £500,000. It is, however, worthy of remark, that this is the first statement made since the commencement of the year that exhibits an increase in the stock of bullion. The other items of the amount are all diminished, the falling off in the amount of the circulation being to the extent of £317,000, that in securities £1,566,000, and that in the deposites £602,000.

France.

Paris, Nov. 13.—Every one dreads a fresh attack on the King's life. The royal guards are trebled at every point.

Spain.

Madrid, Nov. 12.—Affairs at Madrid were in a very critical state. The Marquis of Santa Cruz died on the 4th inst. after a long and painful illness, and Prem de Castro, the Prime Minister, was so ill that it was reported Senor Arcasels would take the presidency of the Council and foreign department, in order to remodify the Cabinet. The question is, whether the ministry will be remodelled, and an entirely new set of men and measures be tried, or whether the present cabinet will be patched up so as to go on for the present. The city of Madrid has memorialized the Queen that without the sanction of the Cortes the taxes cannot be levied. If other corporations follow this example the ministry must give way. All now depends on the effect of some new victory of Espartero. The Memorial Bordelais of the 7th mentions that the Queen Regent had appointed the Marquis de Miraflores, Spanish Ambassador in Paris, President of her Cabinet. She is suspected of a desire to restore the Inquisition. Real, and to be acting under the advice of Louis Philippe. Any attempt to effect this object will probably be the signal for new convulsions.

The troops are summoned from the South to awe the population of the capital. The ministry is to be completed by Bonnides and some other gentlemen of straw, and these are to dissolve the Cortes. Senor Arrianda, Senate that he obtained funds to satisfy Espartero and the army. An insurrection in the capital may be expected; and whether successful or unsuccessful, it will end in the same scene the court has set itself against the citizens, the National Guard, and all the members of the Cortes. The stupid and ungrateful Ferdinand, which all forseen, must ensue. The Court must turn executioner—the liberals will be converted into assassins; but the French Court and Cabinet will that Spain should be another index of the history and scientific skill in Germany during the last six months, announces 4071 new works published by 518 booksellers. The number published in the summer half year of 1822 was about 3650, and that of the corresponding period in 1819 only 1300. It is said that this increase, judging from the business which is doing by printers and booksellers, will still go on in a similar proportion.

Egypt and Turkey.

Letters have been received from Constantinople to the 27th, from Alexandria to the 20th, and Smyrna journals to the 22th ult. It would appear that Mehemet Ali now pays very little attention to the European Consuls, and that was proposed to result from an interview between himself and the Sultan, the object of which is a settlement of existing differences, without the intervention of any of the United Powers. The Turks begin to think better of the treaty, as it was observed that he was less vigilant in protecting his Christian subjects, and permitted a greater latitude to the Russians' use of the Moslem ensued a process.

The Russians continue to be very active in the reduction of Afghanistan by British arms, and the submission of Persia—also, the new treaty of Emperor of China, against the beautiful and barbarian Queen of an obscure island called England. Annexed are all the particulars.

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CITY NEWS.

Caught at Last.—A young man named Thomas Norton, alias Ringer, alias "Long Tom," who has been known in the North—a Liberties for some time, as a gentleman of the light order, was seen on Friday evening last, loitering nearly one freely, it was thought, for a man of his "cloth." Suspicion was awakened, and immediate information lodged with officers Shrude and Little, who arrested him. Search was then made upon the person, and $35 soon afterward obtained from a man to whom he had loaned it, or gave it for safe keeping—he (Norton) declaring that the money was his, and that he had gotten it honestly. A few minutes afterward, a Mr. Nathan Kuchenbach, tavern-keeper, in Brown street, below Front, came to the Police office, and stated that he had lost a pocket book, containing $140 —and that while sitting at tea he had seen that identical "Long Tom," take it out of his hat, in which he had carelessly left it. On Saturday he had a hearing before Mayor Conrad, by whom he was committed to prison, before reaching which he confessed the crime.

Shocklar and Daring Robbery.—A negro by named John Brown, was, on Friday evening last, before Ald. Davis, who stated that on Friday night, about 12 o'clock, he saw the prisoner in company with another of the same age and color, coming out of the yard gate of a house in the rear of Eighth street, one door above Walnut. He pursued them and caught the prisoner, and found in his possession a pair of pantaloons, a vest, and a coat, which he (Brown) had previously consently belonged to Joseph E. Eastburn, Esq. whose room they had entered, and whose clothes they had taken from a chair standing near the door of the bed in which Mr. Eastburn was sleeping, during one whole time, by the silent but daring burglar. A more daring robbery we have seldom recorded. The prisoner was committed for trial. The other thief eluded the pursuit of the watchman, and got off. Thus ended the scene, crime never appeared to us in so hideous a light!

Unrivalled Generosity.—Some time since a notice applied to a gentleman of this city for relief, as to the manner of investing some hundreds of dollars which she had saved during a life of industry. By his advice she placed it in the stock of the Bank of Pennsylvania. As soon as it was ascertained that all was gone there, this gentleman immediately purchased securities to the amount advised by him to be so invested, and handed them to her.

Burned to Death.—On Sunday morning last, the coroner was called to view the body of Michael Arely, aged 52, who was found in a lime-kiln near the Schuylkill, back of the Penn Township Asylum, burnt to a crisp. It appears that he had laid down upon a plank on the kiln, as was supposed, while intoxicated, for the purpose of warming himself, and falling asleep rolled over into burning lime, where he was found dead.

Wreck of H. J. Lewis.—The Philadelphia Gazette of Monday states that from a variety of circumstances which have come to the knowledge of the editor, he is induced to believe that H. J. Lewis, late of the Schuylkill Bank, has escaped, by embarking at Boston, in the brig Ann Stuart, for Pernambuco for Cuba. The Pernambuco did not sail as a regular packet, and no suspicion of it was therefore excited.

Falling down Stairs.—An inquest was held on Saturday evening, at the Pennsylvania Hospital, on the body of John Hannis, aged 28, who had, while in a state of intoxication, fallen down a flight of stairs, and fractured his left temporal bone, and otherwise bruised himself, of which injuries he died, shortly after being carried to the hospital.

Suicide.—A man, whose name was unknown, committed suicide on Sunday evening last, in a house in Elevator street, by cutting his throat. The coroner was to have held an inquest upon the body yesterday.

Accident.—A young man named Reynolds, who has been engaged in painting the new dock at Shessequin, accidentally fell from her dock into her hold on Saturday, and was severely injured, but not dangerously.

Fire.—An alarm sent daylight on Saturday morning last, had its origin from the burning of a frame tenement in Queen street, Kensington. It was entirely destroyed.

The Orphans.—We learn that the aggregate amount received at the Fair for the Orphans, at the Masonic Hall, was $2600.

GENERAL NEWS.

A few among the Bankers in New York.—A considerable number of offers were called together yesterday morning, at the office of the Bank last, in consequence of an attempt on the part of Mr. Emanuel B. Hart, to consolan a Mr. Myer Levy. The assailant was but partially successful when the parties were separated. The cause of quarrel was the refusal or inability of the former to pay to the latter the difference, in loss, upon the purchase of a certain number of shares in the Bank of the United States. Levy, it is said, refused to take them, which refusal or inability Mr. Levy had published him as a defaulter by placing his name in the broker's black book.

Mint Affairs.—The Woodstock, New Brunswick Times, states in a rumor, that a Maine Mint is about to be established in that State, and that the attempt did not succeed, as the Warden gainsaying and escaped. A pursuing party followed him up to the British military post at the Grand Falls, but hallowed away, before they got within gun fire. A party of United States troops, consisting of seventy men, passed through Bangor, on Saturday, on their way to Houlton.

Steam Boat Explosion.—On Thursday last, at Memphis, Tenn. the boat Mercantile, just from Orleans, that the life gale admonishes us of the necessity of steam cutters to save life and property. The Boston merchants are petitioning Congress on the subject. Every port should have two or three. Recollect the daring achievements of the steam-ing Victoria, in saving over a hundred lives in the great gale so destructive to American shipping in 1815, and from that we learn the triumphs of steam, and the impotency of canvass.

Indian Treaties.—In the Iowa Sun of the 13th ult. we fumble following as a postscript: "We stop the press to announce a difficulty between the Sacs and Winnebagoes. It appears that the Foxes and Winnebagoes had agreed to hunt on the same ground during the fall and the winter, some 150 or 60 miles from the mouth of the Iowa in the Winnebagoe-town river. Two or three days after, a party of Sacs, headed by Pashapahon, or Stabbing Chief, attacked the Winnebagoes, and killed 40 or 50. Two of the Sacs were killed.

Georgia Internal Improvements.—In the House of Representatives of Georgia, the committee on internal improvements have reported strongly in favor of the State's completing the Western and Atlantic Railroad to Rowe's landing, on the Tennessee river. The cost, thus far, to the State has been $1,814,357. It is estimated that the work may be completed for $850,705, for which the contractors are willing to receive the State bonds in payment.

Recollection of Moses.—At an adjourned meeting of the citizens of Mobile, the Special Committee appointed a few days since for the purpose of devising a plan of relief to be submitted to the Legislature, reported a petition to be signed by the citizens, praying a loan for rebuilding the city, to the amount of $500,000, out of the surplus revenue coming from the General Government, or such other funds as the State may deem best.

A Sorrowful Slaver.—The Baltimore Clipper says:—"The Isabel of this district has seized upon the schooner, a vessel lying at Jackson's wharf, on suspicion that she is fitting or fitted out to engage in the slave trade. The Ann, we understand, is a new vessel, and has never yet made a voyage."

Our Navy.—The British United Service Journal pays a high compliment to the American Navy. It says:—"From its infancy to its present state, most bravely, most gallantly, have the officers and men of the naval profession in America held up the honor of their flag; there is scarcely one action in which the slightest imputation can be cast upon any individual—they have never been beaten, except in one instance, when they have been the height of imprudence to have fixed them—they have fought with the most determined valor—they have in many cases been successful over a nation which held undisputed the command of the ocean—and this very circumstance of combating an enemy finished with almost universal victory, adds a greener laurel to the Navy of the United States."

Terrible Accident.—On Thursday afternoon last, as the train of cars were coming down from Harrisburg, on the Harrisburg and Lancaster Railroad, when about three quarters of a mile above Elizabethtown, the locomotive ran off the track, and was broken to pieces; and what is most horrible to relate, the fireman, John Spangler, with whom he would go in, with a half dozen of his companions, and was caught by the leg in some part of the machinery, where he hung in the steam from the engine bursting forth upon his bread and face. It was impossible to relieve him from his perilous and fatal situation until the work of death was complete. The car signal was slightly hurt. The cause of the accident we do not learn.

The Snow Storm.—Our Eastern papers continue to chronicle the effects of the late storm. In Morris county, N. J. the ground was covered to the depth of two feet.—In New Haven on Sunday that there stopped, with a large number of men at work all the morning to clear the railroad track, succeeded in advancing only about one mile; at Hartford, from two to three feet deep; at Providence, R. I. and Northampton, Mass. from 18 inches; in New Bedford, so deep that the good citizens were under some apprehensions as to the practicability of removing it from the suburbs; in Albany, two feet, and so on to the end of the chapter.

The Monroe.—The Monroe has purchased a tract of 20,000 acres at the head of the Des Moines river, on the Indian purchase, for the use of the river, including the town of Council. The name is changed to Nahoon, from the Indian. The whole purchase money amounts $75,000 which is to be paid in three annual payments.

Joseph Smith, jr. Sidney Rigdon at Judge Hughes, have started for Washington petition Congress for relief growing out of the Missouri persecution.

The Banks.—Our Eastern papers continue to announce the resumption of specie payments by the banks. The Arkansas was in good best condition on the 5th inst. Billings.

Noble Sport.—A party at Lynn, (Mass.) Thanksgiving day amused themselves with a classic recreation of catching a greased pig.

FINANCIAL RECORD

Philadelphia Money Market.—Despite excitement, and the glo my catalogue of runs and apprehensions ever attendant upon a bank explosion, the price for money, says the Reporter, continues to improve—not, however, as may observed, because of the decrease of the demand, than of the increase of capital in the market. The rates during last week for fair paper were 6 per cent. for 30 days, 6 per cent. for 4 months, while U. S. post notes sold at 8 and 9 per cent. per annum. Bonus is along Market street at 2 per cent. for the season, and the Banks are discounting little or nothing. Indeed, very few of our Philadelphia Institutions, (with the exception of the Girard and the U. S. Banks,) now discount at all. This arises, therefore, in that they are unable to render their circulation at the time of res sumption, as limited as possible. It should be remembered, however, that in the resumption of specie by the banks, they are not in the slightest degree assist in keeping up a circulating medium; and are therefore utterly useless to the community at large. If a Bank, then, has not the means to pay specie on demand, with the avowed object of assisting and relieving its community, and then not only refuses to discount, but also refuses to pay specie from the public it ought as well have no existence. Such institutions are the slightest vacuum for a longer suspension.

New Counterfeits.—Bank of Burlington, for $5 and $10, dated 1st January, 1829, signed at various dates, signed R. G. Cole, Cashier, E. J. Englesby, President; purport to be engraved by the Graphic Company; vignette, St. Cecilia playing the harp—formed by this figure is generally executed.

Mechanics' Bank, New Haven, Ct.—2's dated from Second Mechanics' Bank of N. Jersey, Jan. 1, C. May be detected by the signature of Hosmer, Cashier, and H. N. Watres, President—John W. Fitch is Cashier of the Second Bank of New Haven.

Brooklyn Bank, at Brooklyn, N. Y.—2's letter C pay Jas. Foster, Jr. dated July 9, 1830, signed Halsey, Cashier, Samuel Smith, President—purport to be engraved by the Graphic Company of New York.

Manhattan Company, N. Y.—1's dated June 3d, 1826, badly executed and coarsely filled up—the Bank is to June being left out.

Mail Service.—A letter received from the Postmaster of Cincinnati, states that Mail from Madison, in under date of the 1 was detained when the parties were arrested. The cause of quarrel was the refusal or inability of the former to pay to the latter the difference, in loss, upon the purchase of a certain number of shares in the Bank of the United States. Levy, it is said, refused to take them, which refusal or inability Mr. Levy had published him as a defaulter by placing his name in the broker's black book.

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It appeared that liquor had been freely used by the inmates and the deceased up to 12 o'clock the night previous. The verdict of the Jury was, that she was found dead.

The Fate of the Forger.—The Jury empannelled in the case of John Reed, charged with forging a check of $2800, in the Mechanics' Bank, returned into Court on Saturday, and rendered a verdict of guilty. He was accordingly sentenced to five years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary.

Robbery.—The store of Simpson & Keen, in Market street, above 11th, was robbed of dry goods to the amount of about $150 on Wednesday night last. The rogues got admittance by means of false keys, and made a severe attack upon the premises, but not succeeding they took what they could carry.

Serious Accident.—John Herring a bricklayer, living in Bradford's alley, fell down stairs on Friday evening of last week, which he was intoxicated, and his ribs broken. He was taken up insensible, carried to the hospital, and died on Saturday, about 1 o'clock.

Robbery.—The tailor store of Mr. Charles Barr was broken open on the night of the 22d inst. The thieves effected an entrance by forcing the lock off the entry door and the door that communicated to the store, and robbed it of a number of articles, valued at about $200.

A Sailor Drowned.—A woman named Francis La Motte, a Frenchman, fell from the bowsprit of the brig Washington, lying ashore on the flats below Burlington on Thursday morning, and was drowned. His body was not recovered.

Wood.—The best hickory wood can be purchased on our wood wharves for $7.25 a $8.50, and oak at $5.50 a $6. The best coal is worth about $7.

Considerable Reform.—The old Lion Theatre, of Boston, has been converted into a music and lecture room. A Baptist congregation worships in it on Sundays.

A Consecration.—St. Thomas' Church, in Fifth between Prune and Walnut streets, was consecrated by the Rt. Rev. H. U. Onderdonk, the current week.

Texas and Mexico.—The New Orleans Bulletin in speaking of that portion of the late President's Message which refers to Texas says: "We think we are warranted, from many circumstances, in saying that it is the fixed intention of the President to recommend decisive measures against that nation as soon as the session of the navy may become adequate to a successful undertaking."

Virginia Loft.—The schr. Belvidere, Sm Hartdown, Md. for Baltimore, with tobacco, was driven ashore near Point Lookout, on the 19th inst. and totally lost. The captain and crew were saved, after being two days upon the wreck. The schr. Hornet, Farwell, was also lost near the same place.

Fire at Trenton.—The Trenton Gazette says that a fire broke out in the cellar of the State House in that place a few days since, which was fortunately discovered before any more damage was done. This is the second fire which has occurred in the same place in a short time.

Rectifical Intercharge of Words or Arms.—Mr. Alexander Vattemar, now in this country, has proposed a plan of reciprocal interchange of words or arms among all the civilized nations of the earth, and has memorialized Congress to co-operate in his plan.

Iowa Territory.—Upon the question of the admission of Iowa into the Union, the territorial legislature have passed by a vote of 31 to 6, a resolution, that it is inexpedient at the present time to take any preparatory steps toward that end.

Drowned.—The Boston Advertiser states that in the Mill Pond, a man named John Lindsey of Philadelphia, was drowned from the wreck of the schooner Catharine Nickels at Nahant.

Going to Texas.—About 1200 strangers arrived at Natchitoches, Texas, during the week which terminated on the 7th.

Steamer Washington.—The steamer Washington was recently wrecked at the mouth of the Louisville canal.

The Monopoly.—Daniel Dunn Rogers has called on the Governor for the remaining five millions of bonds promised in the charter.

The Rivers.—The Ohio was falling on the 14th inst. The Arkansas was in good best condition on the 5th inst. Billings.

Noble Sport.—A party at Lynn, (Mass.) thanksgiving day amused themselves with a classic recreation of catching a greased pig.

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SATURDAY EVENING POST.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, &C.

$3 per annum—$2 if paid in advance; $1.25 in advance for six months.

Postmasters are requested to *frank* their letters addressed to us. The word "*free*" of itself is not a frank.

Agents will please endorse their letters with their names or initials.

Other letters will not be taken from the Post office unless the postage is paid.

Papers discontinued only at the end of the current half year's subscription, and then only at the option of the Publisher if arrearages are due.

Small Bank Notes of solvent Banks received in payment for our bills.

Agents are earnestly solicited to make quick remittances, without which it is difficult to keep accounts correct. They should always give names and time paid for.

Any person forwarding Ten Dollars current, free of postage, in advance, will be entitled to six copies.

Removals must always state the Post-office removed *from*, as well as to which the paper is to be addressed.

SETTLING UP.—Subscribers to the SATURDAY EVENING POST who are still in arrears to the 1st of November last, are respectfully, but urgently solicited to liquidate their balances as early as possible, that the subscriber may settle up all his accounts before leaving Philadelphia. *Early attention* is particularly requested.

SAMUEL C. ATKINSON,
Late Publisher, 36 Carter's Alley.

dec 7—3m

☞ Subscribers to the Saturday Evening Post will much oblige the present proprietors by paying early attention to the above. We wish to have the present accounts closed by the first of January next ensuing, if possible. We intend to show them what a weekly paper can be made; and therefore should like to start the year completely untrammelled, with any collection of back standing debts. An early and prompt settlement is respectfully requested. tf

Our Offers.

☞ FIVE DOLLARS *in advance* remitted to this office, *free of postage*, will pay for the Saturday Evening Post for *three years*; or for *one copy* of the Philadelphia Casket and *two* of the Post for *one year*.

☞ SEVEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will pay for *two* copies of the Post, and *two* of the Casket for one year.

☞ TEN DOLLARS, *in advance*, will be received for *three* copies of the Casket and two of the Post for one year.

☞ TWENTY DOLLARS, *in advance*, will secure *six* copies of the Post, and *six* copies of the Casket for one year.

☞ THE PHILADELPHIA CASKET is made up of *entirely original articles, with rich engravings, and highly colored fashions*. It will appear in a beautiful and silvery type, entirely different from that of the Post, and will constitute an ornament for the centre table, and an agreeable parlour companion.

☞ Let friends and neighbors, who want entertaining literature cheap, club together, select the best bank note that they can find, and *remit it by mail*, POSTAGE FREE, to this office. We shall promptly redeem our promises by forwarding the works to their address. tf

Business Notices.

☞ J. R. Sendman, Esq. is Agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Philadelphia Casket at Nazareth, Pa. and subscribers at that place, or those wishing to subscribe to either the magazine or paper, will please pay their money into his hands.

☞ Our esteemed friend BENJ. HEADLY still continues to act as Agent for the Post and Casket for Tullytown and Morrisville, Bucks county, Pa. and vicinity, to whom subscribers may safely pay their arrearages. dec 28—3t

We announce with much pleasure, A. Bellamy, Esq. as a travelling agent for the Saturday Evening Post and Casket. He will accept our thanks for his promptitude in attending to our business in Nashville and its vicinity.

Aaron Austin, Esq. of Lynn, Mass. is agent for the Post and Casket, in place of J. N. Saunderson, resigned.

Simon Striker, Esq. has been appointed agent for the Post and Casket, at New Lisbon, Ohio, in place of Joshua Hanna, Esq. dec 21—3t

☞ Information Wanted of John Morris, of this city, due this office six dollars.

We would be obliged to Allen Pollock, now a resident in some of the South Western states, if he would inform us where a letter would reach him.

MESSAGE
FROM THE
PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES,
To the Two Houses of Congress, at the commencement of the First Session of the Twenty-sixth Congress.

Fellow-Citizens of the Senate,
and House of Representatives.

I regret that I cannot, on this occasion, congratulate you that the past year has been one of unalloyed prosperity. The ravages of fire and disease have painfully afflicted otherwise flourishing portions of our country, and serious embarrassments yet derange the trade of many of our cities. But, notwithstanding these adverse circumstances, that general prosperity which has been heretofore so bountifully bestowed upon us by the Author of all good, still continues to call for our warmest gratitude. Especially have we reason to rejoice in the exuberant harvests which have lavishly recompensed well-directed industry, and given to it that sure reward which is vainly sought in visionary speculations. I cannot indeed view, without peculiar satisfaction, the evidences afforded by the past season of the benefits that spring from the steady devotion of the husbandman to his honorable pursuit. No means of individual comfort is more certain, and no source of national prosperity is so sure. Nothing can compensate a people for a dependence upon others for the bread they eat; and that cheerful abundance on which the happiness of every one so much depends, is to be looked for nowhere with such sure reliance as in the industry of the agriculturist and the bounties of the earth.

With foreign countries, our relations exhibit the same favorable aspect which was presented in my last annual message, and afford continued proof of the wisdom of the pacific, just, and forbearing policy adopted by the first administration of the Federal Government, and pursued by its successors. The extraordinary powers vested in me by an act of Congress, for the defence of the country in an emergency, considered so far probable as to require that the Executive should possess ample means to meet it, have not been exerted. They have, therefore, been attended with no other result than to increase, by the confidence thus reposed in me, my obligations to maintain, with religious exactness, the cardinal principles that govern our intercourse with other nations. Happily, in our pending questions with Great Britain, out of which this unusual grant of authority arose, nothing has occurred to require its exertion; and as it is about to re-

[illegible]

Tar at $2.50. In Oils we notice no change in price or demand.

Provisions.—Are dull, and quotations almost nominal at $15 a $16 for Mess Pork; $11 a $12 for Prime; 8 a 10c. for Hams; 6 a 7c. for Shoulders; $10 for Mess Beef.

Sugar.—The stock on hand is fair for the season, but we hear of no operations to note.

Tobacco.—Is very dull and prices nominal. Good Kentucky is held at 10 a 14c. There is no very prime in the market—a small quantity strictly prime might be sold to manufacturers at 14c.

Cattle Market—Beeves—The stock in market for the week numbered about 300 head, the sales of which were dull, and ranged from $1 to $8 per cwt. being a reduction of 50 cents since last week.

Cows and Calves—The supply for the week has been very limited, amounting to about 100 head only. Sales dull at $23 a 33.

Hogs—The stock in market was about 300 head, only about half of which were sold, owing to the dullness of the times. We quote $6 75 a 7 25 per cwt.

Sheep—Have been rather scarce at a slight advance from last week's quotations.

Hay and Straw Market—Very little of either has been received since our last, and that sold ranged from 45 to 50 cents per 112 lbs. for best Timothy.—*North American.*

ALMANAC.

December, 1839.	Sun Rises.	Sun Sets.	High Water.	Moon's Phases.
28 Saturday,	7 25	4 35	8 38	
29 Sunday,	7 25	4 35	9 20	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	7 24	4 36	10 6	
31 Tuesday,	7 24	4 36	10 14	
1 Wednesday,	7 24	4 36	11 33	New 4 4 16
2 Thursday,	7 23	4 37	12 24	First 12 2 56
3 Friday,	7 23	4 37	12 38	Full 18 7 33
4 Saturday,	7 23	4 37	1 46	Last 25 8 33

MARRIED.

At Columbia, on the 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. E. Miller, Mr. George C. Hall, of Marple township, Delaware county, to Miss Margaret S. Bown, of the city of Philadelphia.

On Monday evening, 16th inst. by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. William C. Grey, to Miss Mary Ann Morgan, of Spring Garden.

In Wilmington, Del. on Thursday, 19th inst. by the Rev. E. W. Gilbert, Dr. Wm. Eames, of Bridgeton, New Jersey, to Eliza R. Whitely, of the former place.

On Thursday, 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Coleman, Francis D. Gazzam, to Ann, daughter of the late Geo. L. Tallman.

On the 17th inst. with Friends' Ceremony, by John Swift, Mayor, Robert Lukens Marple, of this city, to ...

[illegible]

THE CLIO.

Thirty's the span of life.
That gives to all the term.

Mary Whitemore.

To pass by Mary Whitemore
As me you'd never seen—
And one so fair and gentle, too,
The happy time don't been?
Where lurein lurch we played outside
The late sunset fell,
Till gloamin closed the violet's eye
And hushed the linnet's lay?

To mind, dear Mary Whitemore,
We wandered by you stream,
And called the drowsy flowers from
To be a dream?

While, lastly hanging on our neck,
I'd place it in your cheek,
And kiss your cheek, and hear you say—

"Oh, here I'm yours now."

To mind me, Mary Whitemore,
How oft we sought the tree,
To read for hours the simple tales
That made our hearts one wee.
I've cried tell time, thrupy book
We made out eyes at e'en,
But may be you've forgotten now,
The happy time that's been.

I mind yet, Mary Whitemore,
The hour ye left the glen,
When basin our hearts was like to break.
That none before knew pain.
I think I see your gushing eye,
And hear you sobbing now,
Ah! Mary, a' my troubles mine,
Here been the hen to bear.

I've wandered, Mary Whitemore,
Their many a land smarter,
But never yet has met a heart
Which stirrage made it to mate.
And oft I've wondered, when I mean'd
Along you distant sea,
If ye'r still as dear to you
As you were then to me.

Say you were true, Mary Whitemore,
But, oh, how changed you seem,
From that same little happy child,
The temple o' my dream.
The bloom a' womanhood has placed
Its beauty on your brow—
But, ah, I fear ye cannot say,
"Oh, brw I love you now."

But yet, sweet Mary Whitemore,
Written your banner be,
Altho' a cog o' wretchedness
Be o' time's hill to see.
I have you yet—I'll been you yet,
That joy may still be mine;
And on my desires embrace the child,
Who loved me long, long ago.

ALMOST PERTINENT PARODY.—Every body, of a certain age, recollects Moore's song of "Will you come to the bower," which was once a great favorite among romantic misses and excitable young gentlemen. The opening couplet is as follows:

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
And your bed shall be roses, bespangled with dew."

The Liverpool Mercury, on a comment on this couplet, says, that a bed of roses is a figure of speech which is tolerably hackneyed, but it would be any thing but agreeable, nor would the dampness enhance its attractions. The only waste would lead us to prefer a bed of dry straw, which would be more agreeable than roses bespangled with dew, as every rose has its thorns. We recollect once hearing seen a parody upon this song, and which we were mightily amused, and which is, in our opinion, a great improvement upon the original. It is, if we recollect correctly, supposed to be addressed by a love-sick goose to his sweet heart. The amorous youth, having in his mind Moore's invitation to the bower, thus addressed his mistress—

"Will you come to the bower I have shaded for you,
And your bed shall be cracked, bespangled with corn."

RATHER ONE MISTAKEN.—The story of Frederick the Great's recruit is well known. It was the custom of this monarch to ask a new soldier, appearing in his guards three questions. "How old are you?—How long have you been in my service? Are you satisfied with your pay and treatment?" In anticipation of this usual catechism, a young Frenchman, totally ignorant of the German language, was taught by rote proper answers.

The monarch appeared, but happened to transpose the questions.

"How long have you been in my service?"

"Twenty-one years."

As his appearance indicated that he was mature, he put that age, the king, much astonished, said, "*How old are you?*"

"One year, an't please your majesty."

"What, sirrah?" said the king, enraged at the fellow's answers; "do you take me for a fool or a madman?"

"Both, an't please your majesty."

The mystery was at length explained, and the king laughed heartily—a happy thing for a monarch.

PERFECTION OF STEAM IN KENTUCKY.—To such perfection they have got steam in Kentucky, that it is said a grocer has discharged all his shopmen, and actually has two engines to serve in their places. A cunning thief observing this, thought it a good opportunity to help himself. He accordingly went in, secured a loaf of sugar, and was about to make off; but it was "no go," for one of the engines collared him, gave him in charge, and when I left the office, (continues Jonathan,) the engine was about to give its evidence.

THE ORTHOGRAPHY OF DR. JOHNSON.—Dr. Johnson, in the principles of etymology prefixed to his dictionary, asserts, that "*h seldom*, perhaps never, begins any but the first syllable." Shortly after the publication of this wonderful compound, Dr. Wilkes sent the doctor this ingenious and astonishing indictment:—"*The prisoner stands before the high bailiff of the reason's court here known a pilfering, hoggish, with a clumsy, clumsy-handed, and compendious stature genius, and a mind in heretofore compendious stature and pit-by.*"

The standard *heterogeneity-ite*, for many years, neither forgot nor forgave this playful attack.

RATHER TOUGH.—Charles Matthews, in his Memoirs, says: An Irishman at the house of a friend of mine, the author of "The Spy" and "The Pioneers," discovered part of the wood work of a chimney piece on fire, that endangered the whole house. He rushed up to his master and announced the alarming intelligence. Down he rushed with him; a large kettle of boiling water was on the fire. "Well, why don't you put out the fire?" "I can't sure"—"Why you fool! pour the water upon it." "Sure, its hot water, sure."—Fact!

MODES OF THE SCALP.—A celebrated society under the name, partly political and partly convivial, existed in Dublin, in 1779. John Philpot Curran, the first Prior of the order, supplied the brotherhood with a hymn invoking them to abstinence and mortification, in this way:

"My brothers be chaste till you're tempted,
With other, be wise and discreet;
And beside your bed pray before dusting,
as oft as you've nothing to eat."

HOOK'S OPINION OF MARRIAGE.—Theodore Hook being told of the marriage of a political opponent, exclaimed, "I am very glad to hear it!" Then suddenly added, with a feeling of compassionate forgiveness, "and yet I don't see why I should, poor fellow, for he never did me much harm."

DECEIVE YOURSELF.—A young man, walking alone, was questioned by the philosopher Crates, what occupied him? He replied, "I am speaking with myself." "Take care," said Crates, "that you do not talk with a bad man."

THE YEARS OF YOUTH.—Years do not dwell long upon the cheeks of youth. Rain drops easily from the bud, rests on the bosom of the summer flower, and breaks down that one only which first lived its day.

ORLEANS ISMEN.—Copy of a tradesman's note to a debtor, "Sir, if you will favor me with the amount of my bill, you will oblige me—if not, you must oblige yes."

Popping the question.
FROM THE "CHOLERA."

TIM CURRY loves beside Miss Lu Creevy, and crossing one leg over the other so that his foot—he had very comely feet, and happened to be wearing the neatest shoes and black silk stockings possible—he should come readily within the range of her eye, said in a nothing way:

"Don't cry."

"I must," rejoined Miss Lu Creevy.

"No don't," said Tim. "Please don't; pray don't."

"I am so happy!" sobbed the little woman.

"Then laugh," said Tim, "do laugh."

What in the world Tim was doing with his arm, it was impossible to conjecture, but he knocked his elbow against that part of the window which was quite on the other side of Miss Lu Creevy; and it is clear that it could have no business there.

"Do laugh," said Tim, "or I'll cry."

"Why should you cry?" asked Miss Lu Creevy, smiling.

"Because I'm happy too," said Tim. "We are both happy, and I should like to do as you do."

Surely there never was a man who fidgetted as Tim must have done then, for he knocked the window again—almost in the same place—and Miss Lu Creevy laid one hand on it, to steady it.

"I know," said Tim, "that you would be pleased with this scene."

"It was very thoughtful and kind to remember us," returned Miss Lu Creevy. "Nothing could have delighted me half so much."

Why on earth should Miss Lu Creevy and Tim Lushkewster have sold all this in a whisper? It was no secret. Why should Tim Lushkewster have looked so hard at Miss Lu Creevy, and why should Miss Lu Creevy have looked so hard at the ground?

"It's a pleasant thing," said Tim, "to people like us, who have passed all our lives in the world alone, to see young folks that we are fond of, brought together with so many years of happiness before them."

"Ah!" cried the little woman with all her heart, "that it is!"

"Although," pursued Tim—although it makes one feel quite solitary and cast away—now don't it?"

Miss Lu Creevy said she did'nt know. And why should she say she didn't know? Because she must have known whether it did or not.

"It's almost enough to make us get married after all, isn't it?" said Tim.

"Oh, nonsense," replied Miss Lu Creevy, laughing, "we are too old."

"Not a bit," said Tim, "we are too old to be single—why shouldn't we? I push my constitution of sitting through the long winter evenings by our solitary firesides? Why shouldn't we make one fireside of it, and marry each other?"

"Oh Mr. Lushkewster, you're joking!"

"No, no, I'm not. I'm not indeed," said Tim.

"I will if you will. Do, my dear."

"It would make people laugh so."

"Let 'em laugh," said Tim, sternly, "we have good tempers I know, and we'll laugh too. Why what hearty laughs we have had since we've known each other!"

"So we have," cried Miss Lu Creevy—giving way a little, as Tim thought.

"It has been the happiest time in all my life —at least, away from the counting-house and Change," said Tim. "Do, my dear. Now say you will."

"No, no, we mustn't think of it," returned Miss Lu Creevy. "What would the neighbors say?"

"Why, God bless your soul!" cried Tim, insecurely, "you don't suppose I should think of such a thing without their knowing it! Why they left us here on purpose."

"I can never look 'em in the face again!" exclaimed Miss Lu Creevy, faintly.

"Come," said Tim, "let's be a comfortable couple—and then after the old house in Camden where I have been for four and forty years: we shall go to the old church, where I've been every Sunday morning all through that time; we shall have all my old friends about—Dick, the stock way, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we seen like grandfather and grand grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other, and if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have some body we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear."

Five minutes after this honest and straight-forward speech, little Miss Lu Creevy and Tim were talking so pleasantly as if they had been married for a score of years, and had never once quarrelled all the time; and five minutes after that, when Miss Lu Creevy had bended out to see if her eyes were red and put her hair to rights, Tim moved with a stately step toward the drawing room exclaiming as he went, "There ain't such another woman in all London—I know there ain't."

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Sonnet.

There's beauty in those piles
Of grey and mouldering rock
That grace our forest wilds.
And brave the tempest shock
There's might and power in them
When crested waves run high.
When gathering waters flee
Beneath the murky sky
There's glory in the blue
That deepens with the light.
Which pierces ever through.
The sable mass of night
There's fragrance on the earth.
And music in the breeze
Descended by all mirth.
And sparkling 'mid the grasses
Of crystalligh clear and fair.
From realms of other than—
From skies of upper air.
There's beauty in the earth and sea
There's freedom in the rush
Of turbid waters wild.
And in the upward gush
Of tanged fountains mild.
There's grandeur in the sea
That bursts upon the view.
When clouds and sunlight shove
Upon the earth their hue.
There's silence 'neath the wave
That calls to wrath above
The watery-maid, that love
Each element to move.
But soon then all, there's life
Amid the things of earth.
And all creation's rife
With joy, and bliss, and mirth.
Philadelphia, Dec. 31st, 1838. ATA.

Memorable Music.

The following extract from Col. MAITLAND'S "Historical Sketches of Scotland," in the *Mechanics' Magazine*, dated February 3d, 1838. After stating the rarity of sheepskin clothing, for persons whose employment renders it necessary that they should be much out of doors, he says:—"I will not conclude without inviting the attention of your readers to a cheap and easy method of preserving their feet from wet, and their head from wear. I have only half three pair of boots for six years, and will want none for six years to come! The reason is that I treat them in the following manner: I put a pound of tar into a pot on the fire; when melted and raised, I warm the boots, and apply the hot stuff with a painter's brush, until neither the leather nor the upper leather will absorb any more. If it is desired that the boots should immediately take a polish, dissolve an ounce of bees' wax in an ounce of spirits of turpentine, to which add a teaspoon full of lamp-black; a day or two after the boots have been treated with the tallow and resin, rub over them the wax in turpentine, but not before the fire. Thus the exterior will have a coat of wax alone, and shine like a mirror. Tallow, or any other grease, becomes rancid, and rots the stitching as well as the leather; but the resin gives it an antiseptic quality which preserves the whole. Boots or shoes should be so large as to admit of wearing in them cork soles. Cork is not a conductor of heat, that, with it in the boot, the feet are always warm on the coldest stone floor."

PULPIT SKETCHES.—No. IV.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Rev. Dr. Breckenridge of Baltimore.

Dr. Breckenridge is a divine of no mean celebrity. The son of the friend and counsellor of Jefferson, and a native of Kentucky, he inherits as well the talents of his parent, as the warm, generous feelings of his birth-place. Educated at Princeton, a scholar from choice, and an orator by nature, his course as a divine has been brilliant and noble. For many years he was pastor of a church in Baltimore, and when ill health compelled him to give up his charge, his people sustained an annual salary for, subsequently, for seven years, as agent for the Presbyterian Education Society, he resided in Philadelphia, and during that residence maintained the long and arduous debate with Bishop Hughes on the Catholic religion. He afterward removed to a professorship at Princeton; and is now again in the field, at the urgent request of the old First Presbyterian Church, as agent of their foreign mission board. Perhaps no man is better fitted for the task—perhaps no task is so well discharged. Breckenridge's eloquence is full, rapid, and bold, commanding features. The expression of the eye is *Apostolic*. The whole look, as he rises to speak, is as of one borne down with the weight of his subject, but who, by the very force of his energy, will bear it up. Then, overcoming at times in its pathos touching. His exordium is always plain and unadorned; he seems to labor with the crowd of thoughts within him, but when he has stated his subject and begun to elucidate it in detail, the difficulty of speech passes away, and a throng of lofty, pure, impassioned feelings gush from his lips.

There is in the last, no bombast, no forced poetry, no studied gesture, no attempt at effect, but all is one continued stream of holy eloquence, pouring along with the deep majesty of power. The thoughts when he has mastered in his theme, seem no longer of earth. By the most lofty allusions, by sentiments of the most exalted purity, he stirs up all the noble and soul-moving passions of the soul. By sublimity to another, bears his hearers away with him, until they glow with the same ardor which inspires him. In he alluding to the Maker, he does it in the most exalted manner, by that we shrink back awe-struck, at the being into whose presence he has led us. Like the prophet Isaiah, he seems with the sublimest metaphor—and words,—the mighty God of heaven to assert but playthings in the hands of his divinity. If he descends to earth, it is to touch, with living skill, the gentle emotions of the heart. He wields the feelings as he does the soul. His voice, in its tones, peculiarly fitted to the pathetic, melt the heart. We know, by their very sound that the speaker feels. In every word the heart gushes forth. In the lofty and stirring, the deep thought, and sublime allusion, he may be a *type* of Paul at Athens, but in the gentle tone, and the touching pathos, he is more like what we would imagine the Saviour to be.

But the chief characteristic of Dr. Breckenridge's eloquence is *sublimity*. We never knew a man who could so soar to the skies with the divinity that glows within us." He is an orator, he convinces the mind, as well as stirs the soul. He wields every faculty at will. We rank him, undoubtedly, above every orator we have ever heard. His brother Robert is a keener reasoner, a more biting speaker, and though possessed of some he has not all the lofty fire of the other brother. The one is greater in the pulpit. Mr. Barnes is a classic, scholar-like divine; Dr. Breckenridge is like the "*beau Beaucoup*," clear, fine, classic, He Tyng is of any orator we have ever heard. He Bascom is a shower of misplaced poetry; Mr. Stockton is a picturesque, touching, and often to the heart, but Dr. Breckenridge, calm, dignified, yet powerful, is the very personification of apostolic eloquence. Some of the former are orators of the intellect, and some of the fancy, but the last is the orator of the soul. We should love the old house for its eloquence, but in Dr. Breckenridge the man is forgotten in the theme.

No speaker, however, is perfect. Dr. B. has his faults, but they are small. We will out space way, the pump, the flower-pots, and Mr Frank's children, and Mr. Nickleby's children, that we seen like grandfather and grand grandmother to. Let's be a comfortable couple, and take care of each other, and if we should get deaf, or lame, or blind, or bed-ridden, how glad we shall be that we have some body we are fond of always to talk to and sit with! Let's be a comfortable couple. Now do, my dear."

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SKETCHES OF THE BAR.—No. IV.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
George M. Dallas, Esq.

Mr. Dallas, the recent representative of the United States at the Court of Russia, is a man to be celebrated for his urbanity as well as for his talents. Few men that have seen him can ever forget that courteousness mingling, as it does, consciousness with dignity, and so air of courteousness with one of high command. We never saw one whose appearance and carriage were more noble. He is one of nature's aristocracy. Yet Mr. Dallas is by no means a showy man. He has an exuberant Calm, urbane, and polished, uniting the ease of a gentleman to the quickness of a lawyer, with sufficient dignity to maintain even in Europe his republican simplicity, Such alike for the cabinet or the gay saloon, perhaps no man could have been found more fitted to be the representative of a great free people in a foreign and luxurious court.

In the year past, Mr. Dallas before his appointment to an embassy was one of the most extensive at the bar. He was also for some time Attorney General; and at no earlier period a Senator of the United States from his native commonwealth.

Mr. Dallas's personal appearance, we have said, is prepossessing. His countenance is mild and open, and his head of thick hair is perfectly white, giving a singularly dignified aspect to the whole face. In form he is tall and well-shaped. His movements are graceful. He uses here the same ease of a gentleman as he does when addressing a jury.

The style of Mr. Dallas is elegant and refined. A classic education united to fine natural talents has given him a power of analysis, a force of logic, and a chasteness of imagination, which makes him the equal of *the fox* and the superior of *the owzy* at our bar. His elocution is peculiar. A rich voice, which is full, clear, and very sweet, and an ease and propriety of gesture distinguish him above his conquerors, and give him a power before a jury which others of equal talent want. He is what would be called an efficient speaker. At times pathetic, at times sarcastic, at times argumentative, at times revelling in the richness of his fancy, he touches and moves the soul to the heart at will. His style of speaking is owing to his bearing, his gestures and his voice. Were his speeches written they would sink below others which have not half the effect upon a jury.

Mr. Dallas is one of a small number of talented men who have long shed a glory around our bar. But from that exclusive circle we shut out the whole herd of noisy, spluttering, pompous and vain-glorious insects of the law. Dullasses, Sergeants, Ingersolls and Reeds, those high-minded men of intellect, are as different from the little angry creatures who surround them, as the eagle on the stormy cliff are from carrion vultures in the valley. They are a *garden* of glorious spirits, descendants of the noblest men, uniting the precision of the pen and fingering a gold-pencil around the old glories of our bar. All of these too, like their fathers, are men of reaching minds. Long may they live to pour their sunset around us.

We are no friends to hereditary respect. We put every man on his own footing. But those men unite their own virtues to those of their ancestors, and thus add to, not detract from, the fame of Brown, and Chauncys, and Binneys of this day. They make a company of gallant spirits. But there are others whose names we cannot but place on the same paper with these. Those touching petitfoggers, those narrow-minded men, those mincing, snuffling, impudent plunderers under the name of lawyers, those pitiful pettifoggers, or a little day of mingled notice and contempt.

JUVENILE DEPARTMENT.

Answer to S. P. G's. Enigma in last Saturday's.

The letter E you'll always see.
In note, in fee, in smoke, in sea—
You'll always find it in the end
Palace, poker, and a shovel
You'll find it in Queens and Fraser.
And always find it on a dance.
It's in the bottom of the barrel—
Scarce—you'll find it in your bed
If from a pest it you'll take.
A pet you'll find will stand.
It's always at the end of time—
In every word that is odious.
In two pots—It is your duvet—
But once, and only once in love.

PRIMA FACIE.

Written for the Saturday Evening Post.
Enigma.

I am composed of thirteen letters:

My 7th, 5th, 2th, 7th, 3d, 12th and 13th, is the place at which I am now situated.

My 2th, 13th and 12th, is a most useful member of the body.

My 1st, 13th, 3d, 6th, 2d and 9th, is a place where dogs sleep.

My 12th, 3d, 7th and 1st, is what Webster calls a dupe.

My 7th, 5th and 12th, is a very useful wheel to mills.

My 12th, 13th and 11th, is a word used by mariners in directing the helm to go to windward.

My 7th, 3d and 11th, is a figure in the shape of a sugar loaf.

My 4th, 8th, 1st and 13th, is a thing by which cattle drink.

My 12th, 2th, 11th and 13th, is a sort of song sung in parts.

My 7th, 8th, 10th, 5th and 3d, is used in addressing.

My 12th, 13th, 5th, 9th, 8th, 13th and 4th, is the science of the structure of the earth, and of the substances which compose it.

My 13th, 2d, 9th, 10th, 6th, 4th, is the important juice of fruit boiled with sugar.

My 7th, 5th, 10th, 8th, 3d and 4th, is a body of people, triumphantized from their ordinary country, for the purpose of settling, cultivating, and inhabiting.

My 12th, 10th, 13th and 6th, is what a valley is called in Scotland.

My 7th, 5th, 3d, 11th and 4th, is a quadruped with which the buck-eyes have much sport.

My 7th, 5th, 10th, 8th, 6th, 9th and 11th, is the chief commander of a regiment of troops.

My 1st, 13th, 10th, 10th, 10th, 13th and 12th, is the noun's name, who keeps the American House in Cleveland.

My 3d, 13th and 12th, is a thing which if broken, all Doctor's cannot mend.

My 3d, 4th and 13th, is the organ of vision.

My whole is the name of a distinguished College in the United States.

An answer to the above is requested.

W. R.

From the Gift for 1838—Philadelphia
The Farewell.
Addressed to my sister Rosalie.
BY MRS. ANNA C. ARMOUR.

We met as strangers, lady, not as strangers do we part.
Long years of sunshine memory must cherish in the heart.
Then would my three embodies tears beneath mine eyelids swell.
As standing on the pebbly shore, I breathe my sad farewell.

We met as strangers, but that blissful meed to us was wanting.
Which sinks revealing years beforehave a blossom can an hour.
A look, a word, a simple tone, oft wakes the spiritstrings.
And calls forth all the melody from sympathy that springs.
The chambers of my imagery an added treasure drew.
The graceful form so pictured there, thy calm and steadfast brow.
Traced by affection's skilful hand, effused by memory's light.
Fashion alone taste will still be found, when years have sped their flight.
Oh dark indeed would be that world did we not some times find
That best of all earth's fairy gifts—a gentle kindred mind.
And though we only meet to part yet pleasant thoughts remain
To cheer our onward path, whenever low strewed that path with pain.

Farewell, sweet friend—I speak the word with rain but fond regret—
It may be long ere we shall meet again as we have met;
But at the quiet evening hour, O! let my memory wear
The half-formed image of a part and not unpleasing dream.

Brooklyn, L. I.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

The following pertinent lines, which originally appeared in the "American Republican," seem to us in so clear, delicate and feminine a hand, that we should feel ourself impelled to give them a place even were they in other respects distasteful to us. But as they are in every respect unexceptionable, we certainly have no objection to raise; while at the same time we regard with a favorable eye, the motive of our fair selector, in her desire to restore those happy days, when the girls and beaux together would sweet and have most glorious fun."

Changes.

Alas! how every thing is changed
Since I was sixteen,
When all the girls were homespun frocks,
And spencer nice and clean,
With bonnets made of braided straw,
That cost but twenty cents,
And cheeks inRosemity on the back,
And fastened with a pin.

But now a days the Ladies wear
French gloves and Leghorn bonnets,
That take up half a yard of sky
In back and sides and fronts,
And gowns although they fail as low
As each things used to do,
They're waists that you might look in two,
They are so very small.

I mention the time when I
Rode father's mare to mill,
Across the meadows, rock and field,
And up and down the hill,
And when our folks went out at work,
As true as I'm a sinner
I jumped upon a horse's back,
And carried them their dinner.

Dear me! young ladies now a days
Would almost faint to do
To think of riding all alone
To wagon, plough or hoe,
And as for giving "Pa" his meals,
Or helping "Ma" to bake,
Or so—e-thing of that silly kinds,
Though they sometimes make cakes!

When winter came, the matron's heart
Began to beat and flutter
Each beau would take his sweetheart out
Though riding in a cutter
Or if the storm was bleak and cold,
The girls and beaus together
Would almost freeze to death
However kind a young man's heart,
And honest his intention,
He never can be quite so rude,
But such a war is waged!
And if he wears a vest,
Why surely they're "engaged."

I never thought that I should try
My heart at matrimony,
But 'tis the way to reproduce
The present evil times.
For should I preach against quality
In common, sober prose,
They'd say 'twas rather than the bible,
Or else turn up their nose.

American and English Ladies.

Mr. Murray, in his "Travels in North America," has a book which has been commended for its candor and good sense—speaks thus of the personal charms of the females of this country:

"The difference between the American ladies, and their sister ranks in Britain, is more easily seen and felt than expressed in words. All travellers have agreed in extolling the beauty of the women, their clear, delicate, and feature and delicate trace of expression, while all have lamented the fleeting and transient duration of those charms which they so much admired. Without pretending to decide upon a question so subtle, I have yet seen enough to convince me of the correctness of the above remarks. The distinguished traits of American beauty, are a low, pale forehead; a well proportioned nose, fine eyes, remarkable for the transparency and expressive arch of the nostril, a short, delicate upper lip; all which features are harmoniously disposed in a face remarkable for the delicacy of its outline. In the points in which they usually fall short of the beauty of English women, are in whiteness and regularity of teeth, in brilliancy of color and complexion as well as in the full development of bust and figure."

In metaphysics, polemical and speculative writings, Mr. Murray thinks the American superior to the English ladies—in history and geography; their equals, but in dancing, drawing, music, needle-work, and the modern languages, their inferiors. He considers early age at which young ladies enter into company, as "it distracts the young mind from all study, and introduces similar subjects of conversation among still young for girls, who are not destined to go out into the world for some two or three years to come."

Again, he says—

"Young ladies enjoy much greater liberty in America than in England or France; they walk unattended by a servant, and frequently receive the visits of gentlemen in the drawing-rooms during the morning; thus, either in the house, or in walking, or at dancing, a young lady can enjoy so much of the society of an agreeable friend as their mutual inclinations may dictate, without the restraints of the presence of a chaperon or any third party. This habit of life gives an independence to the character, which forms its most striking feature in the eye of a foreigner. Neither are their manners in public assemblies, or even in their paternal scrutiny: I have upon several occasions, heard a young lady openly maintain Unitarian opinions with a Calvanistic mother in the room, and discuss some of the doctrines of Hobbes or Voltaire with much quickness and freedom.—Notwithstanding the numerous exceptions to the above remarks, they are generally applicable; and I doubt not that the difference will be found to exist in other countries."

A Farmer's Daughter.

Old Parson M. of ——, Worcester county, used sometimes to be called on a missionary tour. Once on a time, having just returned from one of these excursions, he found his congregation quite drowsy, and wishing to wake them up, he broke out in the middle of his sermon, and said to them what wonderful things he had seen in York State—among other wonders he said he had seen sumptuous great *machines*—so large that many of them *would* occupy a whole day in passing by this time wide awake. "Yes," continued parson M. "and moreover they are often known to climb up on the trees, and beek!"

The next day a man from the house called upon him, telling him that many of the brethren were much scandalized at the big stories he told the day before. "Why, sir," says parson M. "Why, sir, you said that the machines in York State were so large that many of them would weigh a pound"—"Well," rejoined the minister, "I really think that a great many of them would weigh a pound." "But," continues the Deacon, "you also said they would climb up on the trees, and bark!" "Well, sir," says parson M. "as to their barking on the trees, I have seen them do that—hasn't you, Deacon?" "O yes." "Well, how could they climb up on the trees and not climb on the bark?" The Deacon was of course nonplussed.

Make-Up Syrup.

As pictures, at a distance, must stand
The critic's eye, and please when seen at hand;
But others at a distance strike the sight,
Then seeks the shade, but shut demands the light.
Nor dreads the connoisseur's facetious view,
But lets them scrutinized, in ten times new.

UTILITY OF A HOOK-HEAD.—A *dull author* was compelled, by a recent illness, to cut off his hair and wear a wig. A few days after, he complained to his physician, "that in taking off his hat his wig awkwardly followed." "Pish! pish!" replied the medical adviser, "you may seal it on with perfect safety."

NEWS FOR THE FARMER.

The Life of the Buckwheat.

"I am a true laborer. I earn that I eat, get what I wear, own no man hate, envy no man's happiness; glad of other men's good, content with my farm, and the greatest of my pride is to see my ewes graze and lambs suck.—Shakespeare.

We have come to the conclusion that Nature's truest nobleman is farmer who carns his bread by the'sweat of his face, upon his bought and paid for plantation. An independent farmer may stand upon his own house-top and say to himself, as Selkirk did—

"I'm somewhat of all I survey;
My rights there is none to dispute;
From the centre all round to the sea,
I am lord of the fowl and the brute."

He is truly a monarch—with a landlord title more secure than that of feudal lord or baron—more easily preserved and protected, not by deeds of value, and through the shedding of blood, but by the lawful labor of the hands. His home is his castle—his scores his dominions. His gardener his parks, his grass plots his lawns, and his forests his groves. His cattle, sheep and poultry are his subjects, and he becomes, at pleasure either the executioner or the multiplyer of such subjects. Tell us if the king upon his throne has more power worth possessing. His happiness we know is less, as he increases toils, cares, and sorrows in proportion as the cultivator of the soil diminishes his.

In the spring time he sows, in the autumn he reaps, Providence has watered him that spring time and harvest shall not fail him. He has the assurance of the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that as he sows so shall he reap. His grounds are watered in the season of drought with rains and dews of heaven, and in the damp season the sun shines to cheer, invigorate, and give promise to his labors. The severest tasks of the summer are succeeded by the lighter labors of the winter. As we have said, in the words of Will Shakespeare, "he rains that he eats, and eats what he wears." He may say truly, and with an honest pride—

"I eat my own lamb.
My chickens and hens.
I shear my own fleece and I wear it."

What could a man want more, and how can a farmer, capable of enjoying life, possessed of his farm-house, his farm, and his necessary implements of husbandry, ever sigh for a residence within the enclosures of a city—choosing brick and mortar for elbow room of a spacious farmhouse—the dust of a town for a village—the three story brick house for the granary or the cock loft—for the purest air of heaven, the atmosphere of a thousand unwholesome smoky houses, and ten thousand unwholesome breaths? How could a farmer make such a choice as this? We would pause for a reply, did we not know that the only answer which could be devised after a long study, would be the unsatisfactory one that somebody else's fancy was anticipated only—for it would be a miracle, almost, for a man to find himself happier or in better circumstances after a change of residence from a country to a city. No, no. The true elysium—the, real paradise on earth—is the country—the green, fertile, beautiful country! The city for the task-master and his hard-working servant; but the country for the man who wishes for health and leisure, contentment and a long life.

The ancient Romans venerated the plough, and at the antient, purest time of the Republic, the gravest praise which could be given to an illustrious character was a judicious and industrious husbandman.—*Portland Advertiser.*

Cattle.

The form of animals attracted the attention of an eminent surgeon, Henry Cline, of London.—The following is the substance of the doctrines he drew from:—That the external form is only an indication of the internal structure; that the beauty of animals is the first object to be attended to, for on their ease and soundness the health and strength of an animal principally depend; that the external indications of the size of the lungs, are the form and size of the chest, and the stomach in particular; that the head should be small, as in the horse, to give room for the lungs; that great advantages in feeding, &c. and as it generally indicates that the animal is of a good breed; that the length of the neck should be in proportion to the size of the animal, that it may collect its food with ease; and that the muscles and tendons should be large, by which an animal is enabled to travel with greater facility. It was formerly the practice to estimate the value of animals by the size of their bones. A large bone was considered to be a great merit; a fine bone animal always implied great size. It is now known that this doctrine was carried too far. The strength of an animal does not depend on the bones, but on the muscles; and when the bones are disproportionably large, it indicates in Chief's opinion, an imperfection in the organs of nutrition. Blake well strongly insists on the advantage of small bones, and the celebrated John Hunter, declared that small bones were generally attended with a corpulence in all the customs subjects he had an opportunity of examining. A small bone, however, being heavier and more substantial, requires much nourishment to a bullock one with a large circumference.

From the Mercer Farmer
How to dry Pumpkins.

Mr. Editor:—Perhaps if any one could be generally known that the more expeditious, as well as economical method of drying pumpkins for domestic use is to the following manner. Prepare the pumpkins and stew it the same as for immediate use, then lay it on trenchers or tiers and dry it just luke not scorch it; before the fire or in the sun, and when dry, put away in bags or casks, and have used it frequently, and always with the same benefit as when fresh. Pumpkins thus dried, are much more convenient for family use, and will keep much longer, and be as possible from damp air in wet weather, otherwise it may mould. All that need be done to prepare it for use is to soak it in milk or water some six or eight hours previous to its being wanted. It should not be spread out like a Jewish cake on the tin, but rolled after the manner of biscuit so it will frequently be necessary to turn it while drying. The above is communicated for the benefit of a good housewife whom you may call.

Wet Subury. PRISCILLA.

A HINT TO TAILORS.—It is a well known fact that a majority of the handsomest fitting coats which we ever saw, were made by journeymen and not by masters, and their graceful proportions in the improvements brought to bear upon their profession and protected, not by deeds of value, and through the shedding of blood, but by the lawful labor of the hands. His home is his castle—his scores his dominions. His gardener his parks, his grass plots his lawns, and his forests his groves. His cattle, sheep and poultry are his subjects, and he becomes, at pleasure either the executioner or the multiplyer of such subjects. Tell us if the king upon his throne has more power worth possessing. His happiness we know is less, as he increases toils, cares, and sorrows in proportion as the cultivator of the soil diminishes his.

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